

Prosopopeia
THE
TEARES
OF THE HOLY,
BLESSED, AND SANC-
tified *Marye*, the Mother
of GOD.

LVKE 2:

*And moreover, the sword shall peare in thy
soule, that the thoughts of many hearts
may be opened.*



LONDON,
Printed for Edward White, and
are to be sold at the little North
doore of Paules. 1596.

Proprietors

THE
LARGE
OF THE

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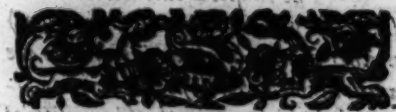
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LONDON

Printed for Edward W. White, and
are to be sold at the following
places: London 1850.



TO THE RIGHT NOBLE, THE MOTHER COUNTESSE, COUNTESSE

of Darby and the vertuous and deuout Coun-
tess of Cumberland, Charitie in life,
and eternitie after death.



Ight noble Madames (and
more noble in that de-
uout) I haue made you
patronesses of a iust cause,
the teares of a matchlesse
mother, shed for a Saniour & a sonne: If to
begin your new yeere you shall but peruse
these in deuotion, I doubt not but they wil
proue holy motiues of meditation: in shed-
ding one teare with Marie, you shall con-
fesse with Barnard, that you purchase
much interest in Iesus. I ioyne you in this
greatest of your honors, not for your births
sake,

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

sake, (for wee may disparage our selves)
neither your wealth sake, (for riches are
as the dew in Aprill) but for your ver-
tie sake (which retaineth this qualitie of
the Sunne, communicating his beames to
all things, enriching euerie one without
impourishing himself.) Good Madames,
accept these teares in their nature, and
hold it better to weepe many times with
Iesus and Marie, than to laugh with Be-
liar and the world, for the world hath de-
ceined you long, but pietie will eternize
you for euer. If you shall but grace what I
giue, my desires are satisfied: if giue what
you owe, you shall grieue when you reade,
if as you reade you consider, you haue the
end of true consideration. For to lament
sinne, is to redeeme sinne.

Noble Ladies, vse not these gifies as
the Romane Matrones their puppies, spit
not in their mouthes to make them waite
at your heeles: neither ccker them at
your breastes, least Casar holde you more
care-

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

careful of your whelpes than your sonnes:
but vse them as the goldsmith his mettall,
trie them at the test of your contemplati-
on, and so prise them. God worke that in
your hearts, that my deuotion intendeib
to your soules, and blesse you in gi-
uing mee grace to serue
him.

Your Honors most bounden,

L. T.

The Epistle of Paul the Apostle
to the Romans
Chapter I
I Paul an Apostle of Jesus Christ
called by the will of God
to the Gospel of the Son of God
to you in Rome
Grace be to you and peace
from God our Father and
Jesus Christ our Lord
I thank you always for you
in Jesus Christ our Lord
for the favour which is
in you by the Gospel
which you have preached
to all men for the sake
of the glory of God the Father
I am writing you now
by the Son of God
that you may know
the favour which is
in you by the Gospel
which you have preached
to all men for the sake
of the glory of God the Father
I am writing you now
by the Son of God
that you may know
the favour which is
in you by the Gospel
which you have preached
to all men for the sake
of the glory of God the Father

Your humble servant
Paul

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To the Readers.



I was a custome amongest the Cretans, (gentle readers) when they intended to vse their most bitter and vehementest execrations, to desire that those whom they hated, should fixe their whole delights and likings on an inueterate and euill custome. This Cretan course, I feare me, is fallen vpon our age, wherein men are so accustomed to vanitie, that nothing pleaseth which is not pleasant, nothing is sought after which is not amorous. Which lamentable error and sicknes of our time, beeing so ordinarie, I almost waxe in despaire of the happie issue of my deuotion: for some I know will condemn me, & that iustly, for a *Galba* (who begat foul children by night, and made fayre pictures by daier) To whom I answered, that I paint fair things

The Epistle

things in the light of my meditation, who begot the soule forepassed progenie of my thoughts, in the night of mine error. Some other, (and they superstitiously ignorant) will accuse me for writing these teares, desiring rather with *Brentius*, to impair the honor of the mother of God, than with *Bernard* to inhance it. To whom I answer, that it is better imitating many holy mens deuotion, than cleauing to a few mens foolish and gracelesse contemptes. For other that haue wept (as *Peter* his apostasie, *Mary* her losse & misse of Christ,) their teares wrought from them, either for repent or loue. But these teares of *Mary* the blessed, are not onely ratified by a motherlie compassion, a working charitie, & vnstayed loue, but by a manifest prophesie, wherein *Zacharis* tolde her, *Et tuam ipsius animam pertransibit gladius*, And the sword of sorrow shall pearce thy heart. And the reason is annexed, To the end that the harts of many may be opened. This swoord of griefe, sayth *Beda*, is the swoord of sorrow for our Lordes passion, *Chrysostome* and *Bernard*, the sword of loue. To good men therefore let this suffice, that in imitation
of

to the Readers.

of no lesse than fūe & twenty ancient, ho-
ly, and Catholique Fathers of the Church,
I haue enterpūsed this *Prosopopeia*: to the
bad I yeeld no reason at all, who wanting
deuotion, can haue no feeling at all. Some
there bee that will not onely gybe at this
complaint, but impaire the person, draw-
ing from *Maties* demerite all that which
the fathers in her life helde marueilous, to
whome beside the speciall testimonies of
Iohn Damascene, and holy Gregory, who
haue written largely of her dignities, I op-
pose that of Bernards, *Quod femina ob-*
temperat, humilitas sine exemplo, quod
femina Deo principetur, sublimitas sine
modo. Some there be that will accuse the
stile, as to stirring, some the passion, as too
vehement. To the first I will be thankfull,
if they amend mine errour: to the next I
wish more iudgment, to examine circum-
stances. Some (and they too captious) will
auowe that Scriptures are misapplied, fa-
thers mistaken, sentences dismembred.
Whome I admonish (and that earnestlie)
to beware of detraction, for it either shew-
eth meere ignorance, or mightie enuie, for
the

The Epistle

the detracter first of all sheweth himselfe to be void of charitie, and next of all extinguisheth charitie in others. To leaue them satisfied therefore, let this suffice, I haue written nothing without example, I build no waies on mine owne abilitie. If therefore they hold it mistaken which they haue not read, let them acquaint mee wyth their mislikes, I will further their readings and establish their iudgements.

Finally, who soeuer Turke like, seeketh to kill mee with reprooses, for cherishing him with meditation, let him beware of ingratitude, least according to the opinion of the Platonikes, hee proue *Corpus obliuiscum*, a forgetfull and fantastike bodie.

Hauiug thus prevented the captious, I turne to you courteous and vertuous readers, to whome I commit and commend these labors, wherein if you exercise your selues, you shall gouern your senses, which as Gregorie witnesseth, are certaine windows, whereat the waters of temptation doo enter. In meditating with Marie, you shall finde Iesus: in knowing Christs sufferance, you shall be inflamed in his loue: in hearing his wordes, you shal partake his
wisdom

to the Readers.

wisdome, which who inioieth, leaue the world as transitorie, and seeketh after heauen for immortalitie. Heereon Augustine exclaimeth, Vnhappie is he that knoweth all things, & knoweth thee not: blessed is he that knoweth thee to despise all things. If these stirre apie fire of deuotion in you, then shal I not greue to see the Baalits, my reprobours, mangle themselves for shame, whilest the fire of Gods intire loue consumeth and drieth the sacrifice, Briefly, our Lord send a plentiful harvest of teares by this meditation, that the deuout heereby may wax more confident, the incredulous beleeuings: the indifferent, more zealous, that now at last after I haue wounded the world with too much surfet of vanitie, I maye bee by the true Helizeus, cleansed from the leprosie of my lewd lines, & being washed in the Iordan of grace, imploy my labour to the comfort of the faithful.

Yours L.T.

ERRATA.

In A 4: page, li, 18, for sonne hath died, read son died
In the 6: p, li, 14, for sonne, read syen: In the 7, li, 4. for
rest read ref, li, 19: for lost read left: p. 8, li, 8: for quees
read quier, p. 9, li, 16. & 17, read, one indiuided graue,
might burie two indiuid, p, 10, li, 16, hart, read hearse
p, 12, li, 4, for dissolution, read desolation: In C. p, 8,
li, 3, for a fies, read fies p, 10, li, 11, read them, beeing
reproued, p, 15. li, 17, desires, read disasters In D. p, 16
Oditus read Odilus: E, In p, 1, li, 20, mortuam, read
mortuum.

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died
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THE TEARES of MARIE the mo- ther of Christ.



S soone as our
Sauioure had
paide the tri-
bute of our re-
demption on
the tree of the
Crosse, and suffered in the flesh,
for the offences of fleshly men,
iust and compassionate *Ioseph*,
(with his associates, who had
begged the bodie, and taken the
true *Isaac* from the pile of the sa-
crifice) wrapped the prison of
Christs eternitie in sayre linnen
clothes,

B

The Teares of Marie,
clothes, addressing himselfe to
beare him to his sepulchre, but
Mary the maiden mother, who
during the time of his passion
had welnigh emptied all the ri-
uers of her compassion, & rifled
the treasures of her remorse, to
lament her sonnes most tragike
martyrdome, accompanying
her deuotion with their duty, as
they wrapt him, shee wept him;
as firie zeale assisted their hands
founding grieve wrought on hir
heart; her eie grudged at that
their hands did execute, and hir
eyes onely grieve was so vehe-
ment, that they executed them-
selues in executing grieve.

Ahlas (amiable Ladie) howe
satest thou like the desolate tur-
tle weeping thy make? How
many legions of miseries were
armed against thy sole & singu-
lar patience? Thy dead ioyes
gaue thy sorows suck, & sorrow

the Mother of Christe

was so active in thee, as if thou
hadst bin wholly resolved into
sorrowe. They that beheld thy
griefe were amazed to beholde
it, yet thou in suffering it, though-
test all to little for him thou suf-
feredst. Thou flaming bush re-
plenished with fire, yet neuer
burning, thou flourishing rod of
Aaron swiftly springing, (thou
lock of *Gedeon* filled with celesti-
all dew, how neere neighbours
were thy lips to the dere lips of
thy sonne? How redy were thy
handes to discouer thy cause of
griefe, to the end thou mightest
couer those lims which did cō-
fort thee in life. Thornes could
not let thee frō kissing his torne
face, frō his dead countenance
grew thy disconsolate comfort:
The suppose of what hee was,
made thee greeue that so he is,
& the hope of that he wold be,

Chrysost. in
Genes.

Bernard Ho-
mil. 2. de vir-
gia.

The Teares of Marie,

gouerned and bridled the sorrow wherein thou wouldest be.
Ah faire among the daughters of Sion, hee that had seene thy cheeks (like clusters of grapes in *Engaddi*) become more pale than the frosty face of *Apennine*: hee that had seene the mother imbrued in the blond of her Sonne, the Son bedewed with his mothers teares, coulde hee leaue off teares, except hee had forswornethem? Oh ye Angels of peace weep with this virgin, mourne heauens, droup starres, the Lord of heaven hath suffered, and *Marie* sigheth for him: the Sonne hath dyed for all, the mother deads her heart with sorrow, for the Lorde of all: his dead bodie is the mirror of her losse: her liuely griefe is the motion and spirite of her loue: she
exclaimes

the Mother of Christ.

exclaimes on euerie sense, but they forsake their offices : his eies will not beholde her, his tongue will not salute her, his handes will not imbrace her, his eares will not heare her, yet yeldeth her charitie such vigour to all her senses, that in looking on him, shee seemeth to giue his dead eie a second sight; his deaf eare, a relenting attention; his senselesse armes and hands, a habite of imbrace, only seeing the tong the vnkindest member in requiting her, she betrothed her tongue to complaint, and thus most pensiuely lamented.

O my God, lend mine eyes a well of teares, for they must weepe a worlde of wrongs. Let the voice of my complaintes pearce the heauens, and let the centre shake, to heare my shriks.

The Teares of Marie,

2: Reg: 30

Ahlas this day must I be tender, hauing as many sorrows to weepe for, as daies to liue; and no daie to liue, that hath not his legion of sorrowes. Mine eyes breake my heart, when I consider what my heart must discharge by mine eyes. Oh Lord thou seest my wrong, take thou my cause vpon thee, for an infinite passion is required to lament my infinite losse. I am the tygresse depriued of her young whelp, the sacred tree that haue lost my sonne, that altar of heauen, who want my sacrifice, the throne of *Salomon*, who faile my king: the orientall gate, who lacke the bridegrome. I am the root of *Iesse*, the high mountain, the ladder of *Iacob*, the propitiatorie, the tower of *Dauid*, the terrestrial paradise, yet am I not in

Chri: h̄: de
Io: Baptist
Hier. in 44
Ezechiel
Greg: Nissem
de nat: Dom
Bernard super
missus
horum conclusum, &c

in this, that I want my braunch, I
lack my increase, I faile of my An-
gell, I am depriued of my tenant, I
am robbed of my keeper, and rest of
my citizen.

Come yee daughters of Ie-
rusalem, and weepe with mee,
beholde, hee that leadeth capti-
uitie captiue, is now a captiue,
and I in looking on am a caitiue:
Beholde the golde that was bright,
is become dimme: the doves
eyes are growen darke: the grow-
ing Lillye is quite choaked by
thornes: weepe yee foolish vir-
gins, your bridegroome is parted.
Feede with poore *Marie* on the
bread of tribulation, for I haue
lost a sonne, and you lost your Sai-
uour.

Ah looke with mee you iudi-
ciall eyes of Israell, beholde ri-
ches apparelled in pouertye;
4 beautie

The Teares of Marie,

beautie obscured in darknes, charitie exemplified in death, death crucified by charitie. Beholde him whose beautie the Sunne & Moon admire, whose maiesty the heauens and earth reuerence, whose wisdom yeeldes wisdom to the queene of Angels, by whose beautie the colledge of all happie soules are maintained: beholde him liuellesse, to get you lyfe, breathlesse for your benefite, naked, to giue you clothing, wounded for your weal, bleeding, for your behest, and can you chuse but weepe with the mother the losse of such a sonne? Red waxe in the Sunne becommeth white: hard diamondes in vineger waxe softe: one Summer ripen many fruites: since then the Sunne of iustice hath shined vpon you, be ye mollified like waxe, lenyified like diamonds, ripened like fruite: that
the

Bernard.
Granaten. li.
meditationii

the Mother of Christ.

the water of angels may drop from
your eies, that the fire of charitie
may cause compassion distill from
your braines, so that weeping with
me so great a losse as I weepe, the
world may know the want of him
we weepe for.

I lifte not vp my voice with *E-*
san to weepe, hee found a brother, I
haue lost a sonne. *Jacob* kissed *Rachel*
and wept for ioy to see her: I kisse
the bodie of my sonne, and weepe
because I see him not: Oh would
my *Rachel* might bee his woundes,
woulde my concubine were his
crosse: would his winding cloathes
were my wedding coats, & indiui-
ded graue might bear to indiuided
heartes. The daughters of Israel
wepte ouer *Saul*, and hee a wicked
king: O yee daughters of *Ierusalem* 2. Reg. 3
weepe, houle, and lament, a Sauior
is departed from you, a iust king
hath

The Teares of Marië,

hath suffered. Let your faces bee
swolne with weeping, for I wil wa-
ter my couch with teares. Let the
voice of my mourning bee heard
in your streetes, for the noise of tri-
bulation is harbored in my heart.
Weepe discomfortable teares, and
I wil mingle my drinke with weep-
ing: with weeping conduct that
Lord to the graue, who weepingly
bewailed, and bewailingly wept o-
uer your Citie.

Psalmc 102

Inforce your selues to weepe,
whilest my eyes faile me thorough
weeping: powre your teares on his
heart, whilest I feede on teares daie
and night. I will powr all my teares
into his wounds, he wil put all your
teares into his bottell.

Ierem. 14

Psalmc 30

Let your teares run like a riuer,
& let my teares be seas to suck them
vp, only asist me in my strong weep-
ing and teares, and he will wipe a-
waie

the Mother of Christ.

waie all your teares. Why claime I
partners in my griefe, who haue no
partners in my loue? No creature
loued thee deerer in thy life, & shal
I seeke associats in bewailing thee?
Ah my son, could ought but death
depart thee and mee? Nay, could
there be one step betwixt mee and
death, who onely in death maye
now seeke thee?

O Iesu my Father, my Sonne,
see heere an indissoluble *Enigma*, Enigma in-
extricable,
Maria esse
go, mater,
sponsa, filia.
Benedictus
in vita Mariæ
I a Virgine, had thee a Sonne;
thou a son, hadst mee a spouse; my
sonne is my father, and I am the
daughter of my sonne. I will then
weepe for thee as my father, sigh
for thee as thy daughter, die for thee
as thy spouse, and grieue for thee as
thy mother: & as thou art wonder-
fully mine, so will I weepe such
a labyrinth of teares, as no mortall
mourner shalbe able to tract them,
I will

The Teares of Marit,

I will dissolue my relenting, & yelding passions with all their fruites, to lament thee as a sonne, I will put on the roabes of dissolution to mourne for thee as my spouse, I will gather & ingrosse al grieve, to weep for thee as my father, & beginning where I end, and ending where I began, I will make my tears famous in their continuance, and my loue more inflamed by thinking on thee.

I coniure you ye daughters of *Ierusalem* to looke on me, but weepe no more with me, I lament a sonne lost, to teach you to weepe for the sorowes of your children to come: but if the entrailes of your pittie, & springs of compassion must needs breake out, weepe you onely his harmes in life, & let me bewaile the losse of him by death: my confident minde and firme constancie,
when

the Mother of Christ.

when the world was disturbed at
his passion, made me peremptorie:
when the earth trembled, I was not
troubled, whē the pilers of heauen
were shaken, I sounded not, they
fell, I stood: now am I drowned in
the sea of bitternes, his eie of com-
passion (the pilot in those seas) hath
lefte mee, the helme of my hope is
broken, the sunne of my comfort is
eclipsed, hee hath past the brierie &
thornie paths, the scourges hath re-
gistred his patience on his backe,
the nailes haue tied his triumphs,
our sinnes, his bodie to the
crosse, Iniurie hath spit her venom,
Infamie hath doone his worst, Iu-
stice hath ransackt his right: wayle
this yee daughters of *Ierusalem*, for
your children shall wring for it, I
onely exclaim on death, death hath
triumphed ouer life, til glory ouer-
come death, the holic one hath pe-
rished,

Bernard in
Medit.

Granatenfis
lib de vitta
Christi.

The Teares of Marie

rished, & seeth no corruption : one daies, one houres, one minutes want of that I loue, maks euery day an age, euerie houre a million of ages, euerie minute an eternitie of sorrow, for that I want.

O you that passe this waie & beholde this bodie, you that looke on these wounds, & see these lims; tell me, Is not beautie oppressed? Maiestie imbased? Innocencie martyred? Come neere and iudge if anie grieve may bee compared with mine? The fairer children we haue the dearer we loue them, and shuld I who bare the mirrour of all beautie in my wombe, cease to weep for him? You men of Israel that beholde this, bee not amazed at my grieve, my loue was extreame, my grieve must not be extenuate : the grace was great to beare Christ, the courage is as great to bewaile him:
his

the Mother of Christ.

his beautie was infinite, and shall
my moanes bee definite? These
thornes which martyrize his beau-
tiful browes, this blood which be-
deweth his bloudlesse face, these
woundes that disgrace his blessed
bodie, this humilitie in so great &
mighty a monarch, are prickes and
spurs to egge you vnto repentance,
springes to washe you from your
wickednesse, gates to bring you to
glory: all these are but stinges to stir
you to loue God, mirrors in which
you see his beautie, books in which
you reade his wisdom, and prea-
chers which teach you the waie to
heauen. Oh thou paschall lambe,
whose blood hath bin sprinkled on
the timber of the cross! Oh thou by
whom men are deliuered from thral-
dom of Egypt, & the captiuitie of the
prince of this world, whose death
killed their death, whose sacrifice

Ambrose in
Math.

scrie.

The Teares of Marie

satisfied for their sinnes. Whose
bloud deliuereth them from the
chastising Angell, whose meeknes
pacifieth the ire of the father, and
whose innocencie deserueth for
them true securitie and iustice.

zech. 2

Thou booke which the Prophet
sawe written both within and with
out, why striue not men by theyr
sighs to breath life into thee? And
why should not my cries of com-
passion recall thy spirit? Ahlas my
God, sinne hath gotten the vpper
hand, these Iewes are amazed, thy
mother vnable, their zeale cold, my
power small, the vnbeleeuing are
many, and penitents haue too fewe
teares to bewaile thee: yet while
teares yeeld me anie tribute, sighes
vouchsafe me anie succour, tongue
affoord me anie words, I will weep
for thee, sigh for thee, and talke of
thee, desiring rather to surfet in
wordes

the Mother of Christ.

wordes, than to shroude my zeale;
and rather die in bewailing thee too
much, than liue to lament thee too
little.

O thou glasse of grace, who hath
bespotted thee? who hath brought
thee into the shadow of death? Ah
deare soule, what northwind of sin
hath blowen hether al this tempest?
meeknesse could not offend, pati-
ence did not insult, innocencie was
faultlesse: the vvolfse shoulde haue
suffered, not the lambe: the guiltie,
nor the guiltlesse. Oh the immea-
surable reach of thy mercie, I haue
spied the inssearchable bent of the
same, thou hast leste life to reuiue
them that loath thee: suffred death,
for such as detracted from thee,
borne mans infirmities, and satisfi-
ed his sinnes.

O grace beyond all conceit, O
marueilous mysterie: Thou di-

C

edst

The Teares of Marie,

Proverb. 6

edst for man, man declineth from thee : thou sufferedst for his sinnes, he sigheth not for thy death. O men swift footed to run to wickednes, haue you no affects to bewaile him who suffered for your defects? Will you not weep for the prophet that died for your profit? Haue you no teares to spend for him, whose life is spent for you? O ingratefull, O iniurious, drawe neere and behold a mother bewailing your ingratitude: a son dead for your redemption: and though you lament him not for the plentiful consolutions you haue receiued by him, yet grieue for him for my plentiful griefe sake, who haue lost all my ioye for your generall comfort.

Beholde these lippes are closed which were wont to vtter oracles of comfort: those eyes are shut which

the Mother of Christ.

which neuer behelde your infirmities without flouds of compassion, the handes are maymed which were liberallye opened to all good workes, the feete are wounded that brought you tidings of peace, eache parte of him is thus mangled, to amende you: hurt, to heale you: galled, to doo you good: pearced, to worke your profite: And haue you no one teare to tender for his kindnesse?

Ah ingratefull that yee are, and more insensible than beastes, more cruell than tygers, more harde than stones: the Sunne put on mourning garmentes, when my sonne suffered, and shall not the swoorde of afflictions peatce your entrayles to beholde this tragedie? The vaille of the Temple rent from the top to the bottome,
and

The Teares of Marie

and will you not rent your heartes
with ruth, to regard his rent bodie?
The earth trembled for feare, and
wil you not weep for pittie? Stones
breake in sunder, and shal not your
stonie harts wax tender? The dead
forsooke their graues, to grieve for
him, and shal not the living despise
their delights to lament him?

49. Genesios

Genes. 37

Iud. 6

Ah iust *Abel*, thy bloud cryeth
for reuenge, and hath pearced hea-
uen, but it is disperfed and despised
on earth. Ah holy *Ioseph*, thy blou-
die coate hath broached a spring of
remorse in *Iacob*s eies, though thy
brethren lament thee not. The cho-
sen Israelites mourn for their *Samp-
son*, though the Philistians afflicte
thee. Oh men, the Saints in heaven
bless this bodie, you sinners on
earth will not bewaile it: the hea-
uens shew his greatnes, yet men on
earth acknowledge not his good-
nes,

the Mother of Christ.

nes: the starres declare his diuinitie, men decline not to see his dead humanitie: the flowers of the fields testifie his beautie, but the wormes of the earth sorrowe not his obscuritie.

O you race of *Adam*, he that created all things without trauell, gouerned them without care, sustained them without thought, and possessed them without necessity, now lieth heere dead, trauelled by sorrow and death, blinde to make you see, senselesse to make you feel, subiect to make you soueraignes, and shall he haue so much care of you, & you so little compassion of him? Oh you hardned in heart, blinded in vnderstanding, surfeted in sensualitytie, wil not then your stony harts otherwise suffer ye to weepe, come gather teares from the wel-head of his benefits, that you may assist me

The Teares of Maria

Leuit. 14

to bewail him: he hath drawen you from your bannishment to your blessing, from obscuritie to life, frō death to eternitie. What he punished in the angells, he pittied in you: what he persecuted in himselfe, he hath pacifid for you. In the old law whosoever had falne into the vn- cleannes of leprosie, was thus cured and thus cleansed, the priest taking two sparrows, when he had slain the one, dismissed the other, & anointing the sick of the leprosie with the bloud of the dead one, hee thereby recured the sicke, & purged the vn- cleannes. And what figure is this, o ye sonnes of vanitie, but the tipe of your owne imperfections: you are spiritually falne into the leprosie of sin, this noble sacrifice, this sacred priest hath taken two sparrows, his bodie and soule, to cleanse you of your leprosie, his bodie hath hee suffered to die, to bee rent, to bee

the Mother of Christ.

torne, to bee whipte for you, his
soule hee hath dismissed, and by
the bloud issuing from his wounds
he hath clenſed your leproſy, ratifi- Animā nul-
lus poteſt oc-
cidere.
ed his couenāt, ſhut you in the arms Math 10
of mercye, ſhuted you with your
wedding garmēt. Oh then though
his ſufferance touch not your harts
let his benefites turne them: weep,
weepe on him that praieth for you
as your prieſt, praieth in you as
your head, and muſt bee intreated
by you as your God. Behold your
philiſtine whom deſire of gold hath Ierem. 107
not drawen to you, but intirenes of
mercye hath prouoked to aſſuage
your miſerie. Beholde that Chriſt
that hath vnited you to God, re-
conciled you with his bloud, & vr-
ged compaſſion for you with his
tears: your ſins haue ſeparated you
from him, his death hath alied you Ierem. 39
to him. O hard hearted men cannot
thiſ moue you, thē harkē to further

The Teares of Marie,

motiues, and let them amend you. God in the first lawe appointed a free citie of refuge for the afflicted, and priuiledge for the offenders, whereto whosoener had grace to approach before he were apprehended, hee was assured of safetie, and defended from iustice. In this new law, this Christ (oh true tipe of charitie) hath made these cities in himselfe, established this priuiledge in his body, and walled the same with his wounds. Hether, o you sinners, repaire, heere shall you haue mercy for teares, life for repentance, remission of sinnes, for confession of sinne. Oh contrite sinner, dwell in these cities, let your memorie inhabit them, thy meditation imbrace them, thy pittie bewaile them. Thinke on these woundes, they will heale thee, forsake them, death will follow thee, forget them, mercie will

the Mother of Christ.

will denie thee. Abuse not the pri-
uiledge of wounds, death, and pas-
sion, least thou bewaile too late the
horror of hell, death, and damna-
tion. Will none weep with me? Will
no reasons wound you? Are teares
so scant, for mercies so plentifull?
Come, come and learne what tears
be, that you may know their bene-
fites. The sinners teares are Gods
mirrours: their penitent sighs, his
incense: God heareth praiers, but
beholdeth tears: praiers moue God
to heare, tears compell him to haue
mercie. Silent teares are speaking
aduocats. It was not *Maries* anoin-
ting with sweet balme, *Maries* dry-
ing, with faire haire, *Maries* atten-
tion with humble heart, but *Ma-
ries* teares, they wrought my com-
passion. Oh come & weepe then, &
if not weepe, yet consider. Proude
man, see here the patterne of humi-
litic,

Esay 38
Ambrose

The Teares of Marie,

August.

August. lib.
de virgin.

litie: humble, learne heere whereof
to relecue thee: irefull, learne here
the benefite of sufferance, patient,
receiue here the crown of durance:
couetous, learne heere to affect po-
uertie: poor, receue here, how thou
hast Christ thy companion: the on-
ly sonne of God, hath made many
sons of God, hee hath bought him
brothers with his bloud, approued
them, and beeing approued, redee-
med them beeing solde, honoured
them by suffering dishonours, and
giuen the life by suffering death. Let
him therefore be wholly infixed in
your hearts, who wholly was cruci-
fied for you on the crosse. O men
loose not these blessings, forget not
these bounties. This Christ subiec-
ted himselfe to the power of death
that he might deliuer you from the
yoake and power of the deuill: hee
tooke seruitude vpon him, that hee
might

the Mother of Christ.

might giue you the libertie of eternal life, hear what he crieth in your soules, and respect his summons.

O man see what I suffer for thee, Ambrose
there is no grieve like to mine, I cry
vnto thee who died for thee. Behold the paines wherwith I am afflicted, see the nailes wherwith I am pearced, and although the exterior grieve be so great, yet the inward sorowes are more vehement, when I behold and find thee so vngratefull for my passion. Behold man whom you crucified, beholde God and man whome you would not believe, Hierome
beholde the woundes which you inflicted, acknowledge the sides which you wounded, all which were opened for you, but you will not enter: I gaue my selfe for you, that I might redeeme you from all iniquitie, I suffered with entire loue to winne your
intire

Ad Th. 20

The Teares of Marie

entire loue, beeing God I became
man; beeing the fountaine of all
plentie, I suffered hunger, I the wel
spring thirsted, I the light, was dark-
ned, I the rest of al, was wearied for
all, false witnes outfaced veritie, I
the iudge of the liuing & the dead,
was iudged by a mortall creature,
Iustice was condemned by the vn-
iust, discipline was beaten, the clu-
ster of grapes was crowned with
thorns, vertue was weakned, health
wounded, and life made death, my
heart forlooke me in torments for
you, they wounded my hands and
feet, so that al my bones were broke
asunder, euen in that weaknesse I
dyed for you being wicked. Why
therefore fasten you me to a more
greuous crosse of your sins, thā that
whereon I was crucified? The crosse
of your crimes is more irksome vn-
to mee than the crosse whereon I
lately

August.

Rom. 5

August. in
quēdam ser-
monem de
die iudicii.

the Mother of Christ.

lately suffered. Taking compassion
on you, I willingly ascended. Oh
then weepe for me, because I suffe-
red for you. Thou that runnest af-
ter delight, surfetest in pleasure, de-
sirest ease, come to this schoole, and
learn thy lesson, let my grace draw
thee from disgrace, my sufferance,
from thy sensualitie, my charity frō
thine vncleanesse. Beholde the law
is satisfied in my blood, and your
infirmities are couered by my
crosse. I a man praide to me a God,
I iudge wept ouer you being con- Innocentius
demned: to ease your temptation
I was tempted for you: yet for all
these dolorous deserts, you yeelde
me no teares of true sorrow. I was
spit vpon to wash you, I was coue-
red, to the end that the vale of sin
and ignorance shuld be taken from
your hearts: my head was wound-
ed, to the end that your head *Adam* Hiero. super
shuld Mathy

The Teares of Marie

should be restored to health, I was buffeted with fists, & mocked with wordes, to the end that you should applaud me with your lips, lifte vp your hands vnto me, and worship me both in deeds and wordes, thus louing you, and washing you from your finnes, disdaine not to bee reconciled to me in repētance. Heare the three things figured in my passion, my head was bowed downe, in signe of remission of finnes: water issued from my sides, in token of the cleansing of your faults: bloud, in signe of the redemption of your punishment. Oh let the effects of these signes force you, I am a medicine to the sicke, a rule to the depraued, a dwelling place to the desolate, and a light for the darkned. Oh come vnto me you hard harted, for to be turned from me, is to fall: to be conuerted to me, is to rise: to be grounded

August. lib.
Supput.

the Mother of Christ.

grounded in me, is to flourish: ô turn
vnto me, whom no man loseth, ex-
cept deceiued, no man seeketh vn-
monished, and no man findeth vn-
purged. I am the first that come to
you, and the last that go from you,
I being iust, came vnto you sinners,
that of sinners I might make you
iust: I being holy, came to the vn-
hallowed, to the end I might make
you whole: I being humble, came
vnto you being proud, that I might
make you humble: I came not for
the iust sake, but to correct the re-
probate: I came not for the strong,
but to heale the weake: I came not
for the resolute, but to strengthen
the doubtfull: my melodie is the a-
mendment of sinners, my triumph
the constancie of martirs, my desire
the immortalitie of ð faithful. Thus
saith ð blessed mother, sometime per-
sonating her son, to persuaade more
mouing-

Bernard

The Teares of Marie,

motuingly, sometime soliciting the
assistance by great motives to be-
waile him earnestly, sometime wee-
ping, while sorow stopt her speech,
sometime perswading whilest cha-
ritie quickned her tongue, sometime
bemoaning hir while she beheld hir
dead sonne, sometime recomfort-
ing *Marie* that sate weeping at her
feet, so that those that disdained hir
fortune, were amazed at her con-
stancie, for though shee bewayled
like a naturall mother, yet indured
she like a confident martyr, & ther-
fore sayth *Chrysostome*, she was vex-
ed with an intollerable agonie of
griefe, because shee was touched
with an vnspeakable affection of
loue, wherby being vnited to God,
we seeme to be conuerted & made
one with him. Oh my soule consi-
der a while, whilest the solitarie
maide sitteth ouer her sonne, what
shee

Bernard

the Mother of Christ.

she is that bewaileth him: This is the blessed amongst women that was saluted by the Angell with *Ave*, as being deliuered, *ave*, from al curse: This is that *Maria* that by interpretation beeing the sea, retaineth fixe qualities of the same. Of the sea it is said, that it is the collection of al waters, either lower or sweet, the head and hosterie of all foulds, a helpe in necessities, a refuge in perills, an ease in travels, a gaine to laborers: of her it is said, Let al the waters vnder heauen be drawn into one place, which gathering of waters, is the accomplishment of natures: the sea is the head and hostery of foulds, the head by the flux of waters, the hosterie by the reflux: so the blessed virgine is the mediation and head of grace, & whatsoever good we receiue, it floweth from the fruit of her wombe. Thirdly, the sea is a help in necessities,

THIRD D Fourth-

Libro de natura rerum:

Anselmus
Gen: 1

The Teares of Marie,

Fourthly, as the sea is a refuge in perills when in her maine bodie we escape shipwrack: so the immaculate maid bringing forth the fulnesse of our redemption, deliuereth vs from the shipwracke of our soules. So testifieth Bernard of Marie, *Quia aperit sinum pietatis uniuersis*. Fifthly, the sea is a helpe to shorten the waie of the traueller: so in this great sea of this world this holy maiden directeth vs and shortneth our waie by the staire of her humilitie. Sixtly it is a gaine to labourers, making the rich by trafique: so he that traffiqueth with this blessed maide in meditation, imitateth her in deuotion, accompanyeth her in sorrow, shall receiue the gaine of his labour, and the fruites of immortallitie. This is she of whom Ambrose speaketh in his booke of virginitie, *Virgo erat*. She was a virgin not onely in bodie but in minde, for no circum-

the Mother of Christ

circumvention of deceit could adu-
terate his sincere affect: in hart hum-
ble, in words graue, in mind wise, in
speech sparing, in readings studious.
This is the rose without prickles, the
flower of the rose in the prime: for as
the spring is the cause of gladnes, so
was her fruit the cause of redempti-
on. This is she whose humility hath
raised vs, whose virginity hath enri-
ched vs, & whose deuotion hath re-
leeued vs: O how wonderfull was
the fruitfulness of this virgine, sayth
Bonaventure, which no sooner recei- *Anselme*
ueth salutiō, but conceiueth salua-
tion. Before the virgin (saith *Oditius*)
conceiued Christ, it was winter, but
after she had conceived the word of
God, it became Summer. Finally,
thorough the vapors of the holys
Ghost the flower sprong: A branch
shall springe out of the roote of
Iesse, and a flower shall ascende
from

The Taire of Marie

flom the roote; as saith Esaie. And
what iothdrie this braunch (O thou
blessedst amongst women) but thy
selfe the yingine of God: what this
flower but thy sonne? O crimson
rose Iesus bow in all thy bodie shine
the perfect signes of thy loue: to All
laste there is no little space left
without impression of loue or
griefe. Marke what a *ambrose*
saith further of this virgin, She fixed
not her happines in vncertaine sub-
stance, but fastned her hope to her
son Christ, intentiuely in her workes,
modest in her sayings, whose pur-
pose was not to satisfie man, but to
seek after God: to hurt none, but to
encourall: to salute euerie one, to
rellerence her elders, not to hate her
equalls: to shie boasting, to followe
reason, & to loue yerne. When dyd
this virgin hurt her parents with dis-
obedient looks? When dissented
she

the Mother of Christe

she from his friends: When despised
she the humble: When derided she
the weak: When thundred she the
needier: Accustoming her selfe to
conuerse lonely with that companie
of men, whose conuersation shee
might not be ashamed of: Whome
past shee by without modestie: ha-
uing nothing crabbed in her looks;
nothing crooked in her sayings; no-
thing immodest in her actions; not
wanton in gesture, not insolent in
gate, not foolish in voice, but such
she was; that the verie beautie, por-
traiture, and forme of her body, was
the image of her mind; and figure of
her honestie. The beautie of this te-
ple of the Deity, was expessed in the
Canticles, where it is sayd: O howe
faire art thou my loue: Howe faire
art thou? Thine eies are like doves
eies, yet is there farre more hidden
within: This is the paradys which

Cant: 4

The Teares of Marie

Psalme 1

God prepared to put the second Adam in. This is that virgin of whom Hierome speaketh, which passed the night in contemplation & watching the thiefe: in loue of God the most learned, in humilitie the most humble, in the psalms of Dauid the most elegant, in charitie most seruent, in puritie the most pure, and in all vertue the most perfect: All her words were alwaies full of grace, because she had God alwaies in her mouth, shee continually praid, and as the Prophet sayd, meditated in the lawe of God daie and night. This is the virgin of virgins, the humble of humblest, in whome humilitie greained virginitie, & virginitie adorned humilitie. This is shee whose humilitie adorned her fecunditie, and whose fecunditie consecrated her virginitie. This is that Marie, into whose armes the faire ynicorne Iesus cryed

red

the Mother of Christ.

red himselfe after a long pursuit, by the prayers, teares, and sighs of the fathers.

This is the exalted, according to the Hebrew, or the starre of the sea, as Hierome translateth it: or the mistres of mankinde, according to the Siriake. This is she of whom the Sibils prophesied. This is she whom Euodius, Peters successour, calleth immaculate, without spot, glorious in humilitie. This is shee appointed before all ages, to beare the great fruit.

Hier. de nom
minibus.
Sibil Enehea
Et brevis e-
gressus Ma-
ria de virgi-
nis aluo.
Exarta est
nouatua.

This is the animated arke of the liuing God, which brought many blessings to Zacharie and Elizabeth, as the Arke of the couenant did to Obed-Edom. This is shee of whom Albumazar prophesied, who speaking of the signe of the Virgine, sayde that there shoulde an

2, Reg. 6

Albumazar
li. 6 in inter.

The Teares of Marie,

immaculate virgine be borne, sayre,
elegant, and modest, that should no-
rish an infant in *Iudea*, who should be
called Christ. Of this virgin there
was found a testimony on the tomb
of a pagan, where in a plot of ground
these wordes were written, & found
in *Constantine* and his mother *Irene*
time; *An infant named Christ shall be*
borne of a virgine, and I beleue in him.
O sonne thou shalt see mee againe in the
time of Constantine and his mother I-
rene. The like *Zonaras* reporteth of a
certaine Iew, who in a certaine an-
cient book written in three languages
vsed these wordes: This is shee in
whome *Nestorius* denying the vni-
ting of the humanitie with the diui-
nitie, our Lorde in iustice caused
wormes to deuour and eate out his
tongue. This is she in whom all ver-
tues did concur, all learning a-
bound, all deuotions flowe, all com-
forts

the Mother of Christ.

forts depend. This is she, as *Gregorie* testifieth, which foretolde the Lewes of their destruction, and the desolation of their citie. This is the true celestiall *Pandora*, decked and enriched with the whole gifts of God, the father, the sonne, and the holie Ghost. This is shee whome the Moores reported to surpasse in excellence, this is the perfectest of all perfections, as the Turkes and Arabians testifie. This is shee whome all the fathers in deuotion, the Mahumerists in theyr Alcoran, set soorth with praises, and enrich with titles. Oh sweete mother of God, who so speaketh of thee as Hierome sayth, speaketh insufficiently: humane abilitie cannot attain it, humane industrie is too weake for it. Whether art thou transported my soule? O my heart bee no more raiſhed with ioye, intentiue to praise: looke back to the foot of the crosse, there

The Teares of Marie,

there is more cause of meditation,
more cause of moane.

Ahlasse, what seest thou? Nay,
what seest thou not to bewaile? If
thou seest the virgines lappe, it is
bloudied with the streames that
fall from her Sonnes wounded
head. If thou seest her modest eies,
they are almost swolne and funke
into hir head with teares. If thou
looke for her pure colour, it is de-
caied with extreame sorrowe, her
breasts are defaced with often bea-
ting of her handes, her handes
are wearyed by often beating of her
breasts.

If shee looke on the one side,
shee sees Marie the sinner washing
her sons feet with her tears: if on the
other, she beholdeth Ioseph wofully
preparing his funeralls: if on the o-
ther, she seeth virgins mourning: if
on the other, she beholdeth soldiers
mock-

the Mother of Christ.

mocking: if anie waies, she sees sor-
rowes plentifull: knowing therefore
in her selfe, that true griefe cor-
recteth the minde, salueth the of-
fence, and maintaineth innocence,
shee gan renew her teares, and thus
tenderly bewailed her.

If it bee a custome in nature, that
fountains return from whence they
first issued, bodies bee resolved to
that wherof they were first created,
ahlasse why should not the same law
be in my tears, which first springing
from loue, must be buried in loue, &
no sooner buried but renewed: no-
thing before his fulnesse hath his
fairenesse, his ripenesse, his strength,
his perfection, his praise. Why then
delaie I my teares, which can ne-
uer receiue their excellence, till
they bee wepte to their vtteraunce.
Ahlasse, ahlas, teares are sweet wea-
pons to wound and to winne harts,
I will

The Teares of Marië,

I will vse them, I will inuite them, I will maintaine them; I will triumph in them: Come my son, what now shall I weep in thee? Not thy death, for it is thy triumph: not thy contépts; for they were thy cōtents: but thy martyrdom, which wrought my miserie. O sinfull soules, behold two altars raised by one massacre, one in the bodie of Christ, the other in the heart of the virgin: on the one is sacrificed the flesh of the sonne, on the other the soule of the mother: such a death no creature hath suffered, such a sorrowe no heart hath contained. Philosophie conceits to my sorow, for mine eies increase in griefe, my passions are intollerable, beeing afflicted in al my senses, my loue quickens my passions, my deuotion nourisheth my loue, my teares beautifie my affection. Woe is me, now am I rightly compared to the Moone,
for

Cic. Famil. 6

the Mother of Christ.

for my sunne is eclipsed, and I am
confounded: now iustly am I coun-
ted a peece, being fed no waies better
than by the dew of teares: now am
I improperly taken for a cedar, for
the sweet sent of my blossome is va-
nished, my fruit is decayed, the leaves
of my delight are fallen, onely
in this I retaine thy nature, by reser-
uing my griefe in force, & my com-
passion to eternities. Oh what a wo
is mine? What a sorrow is mine? If
the Angels behold this face, they be-
wail him; if the heavens look on this
crueltie, they weepe for him: if the
aire discouer it, it loureth: if the earth
see it, it renteth: What shall the mo-
ther then doo, that hath behelde her
sonne martyred, and could not suc-
cour him: naked, & could not cloath
him: thirsty, and could not comfort
him: iniured, and could not defend
him: defamed, and could not aun-
swere

The Teares of Marie :

8
sweete for him, spit vpon, and could
not wipe him: finally, weeping, and
could not comfort him. Out alas,
for teares I will paie teares, teares for
former tragedies, teares for after pas-
sion: teares for present miserie, teares
in abundance, teares with vsurie. Oh
thou so excellent in holynesse, so
mightie in power, and so mercifull in
pities, how shal I more rightfully be-
waile thee, than in considering the
wants I haue, beeing diuided from
thee: I want thy presence to repayre
my delights, I want thy counsell to
enrich my soule, I want my ioye by
wanting thee. Nay, what wanteth
not the worlde by thine absence?
The humble are turned to proude:
the faithfull false to Apostasie, the
poore are despised: the iust, reuiled:
the patient, spit at: the faithfull, af-
flicted: deuotion, nowe is clothed
with dissimulation: sanctimonie,
with simonie: conscience, with co-

Gregorie

Barnard

the Mother of Christ.

uetousnesse: hypocrites will be humble without contempt: poore, without defect: flatterers vnscene: enuious vn suspected: slanderers, without cause: craftie as foxes within, humble as lambes without. Ahlasle, what confusion? What error? Thy scholars in humilitie haue forgotten their lesson, they will not learn of the bird, which before hee soareth towards heauen, humbleth his bodie to the earth, they will enter by thee as the gate, and wil not learne of thee because thou art humble. Thou humblest thy selfe to thy equals, they despise their superiours. The tree the more it aboundeth in fruit, the more it abaseth his bowes towards the earth: but man the more he is raised by thy graces, the more hee resisteth against thy humilitie. Thy glorie is to submit, serue, and obey: mans desire is to gouerne, rule, & command.

Thou

Bernar. li. de
disp. & prec.

The Teares of Marie

Thou sayest that all thing perissheth;
if it be not kept with humilitie: they
saie that nothing more breedeth co-
tempt than obsequance. Thou bid-
dest them flie honours: they affe-
ct them. Thou biddest them possesse
their soules in feare: they deeme en-
ough assured but in honour. O
sweet Iesus, thou sayest that the gate
of heauen is so straight, that no man
laden with riches, no man farned
with delights, no man decked in pur-
ple can be possesse thereof before he
be dispossessed of these vanities: but
the worldling saith, that welth breed-
eth happinesse, delightes lengthen
life, rich clothing bringeth credit: so
that they that possesse these, they vi-
terly despise heauen. What shall I
saie: the worlde is so fraught with
pleasure, and auarice is so ful of pro-
fite, that it is helde good pollicie to
heare thee preach: but no wisedome
to

the Mother of Christ.

to followe thy pouertie. Oh deare Lord, thou giuest thy self wholly vnto them, and they wholie flie thee: if they are hungrie, thou art bread to them: if they are thirstie, thou art water to the: if they are in darknes, thou art light vnto them: if they be naked, thou cloathest them: yet are they so grounded in vngratitude, that they forget thee. They knowe that whatsoeuer the world is, is eyther the desire of the flesh, or the desire of the eyes, or the pride of lyfe, yet pretending to flie the world, they fantasie nothing more earnestly. They knowe that a fatned, thicke, and dilated body leaueth God, and forgetteth his creator: yet follow they sensualitie, and forget thee, *eamque mortuam*, sayth the Psalme, neither cordially recorde they thy benefites. They knowe with Hermes, that thy acceptable & best incense is thank-
E giuing,

Deut 32

Libro de los
gostilcos.

The Teares of Marie,

John 20
Apoc: 20
John 8

giuing, yet haue they learned with Iudas, to crucifie thee vngreatfully. They knowe that they are blessed that haue not seene, and beleue, yet hauing beheld thy passion, they despise it: They know the booke of life is opened, but they will not reade. They know that those which folow thee shall not walke in darknesse, yet take they pleasure to stumble in the daie time. Finally, they knowe that thou hast spred the light of thy countenance on them, yet preferre they darknes before light, to their owne damnation. The Naturalistes write, that Bats haue weake sight, because the humor Christaline, which is necessarie for the eie to see with, is translated into the substance of the wings to flie with, whereupon they haue leatherne wings, and so for their flight sake, haue lost their sight, because that is substracted from the eyes, which is imploied in the wings:

the Mother of Christ.

These bats betoken these proud neglecters, who by how much the more they strue to flie, by so much more are they depriued of the grace of the diuine light, because all their intention, which ought to bee in consideration of heavenly things, is translated into the feathers of ambition, so that all their thought is howe they may ascend by degrees the steps of dignitie, not descende in imitation of thee, to the bosome of humilitie. O man, the cause of the Angells fall was negligence, the cause of Adams fall was negligence: why then art thou summoned so sweetly, & neglectest so carelessly? If men & angels created by God, had vsed his giftes orderly, the angels had neuer strived to surpassa God in excellence, neither had man listned to the serpents perswasion, but because they were careles of his graces, he suffred the to

The Tears of Marie,

fall into error by the sinne of negligence, and from the error of negligence, into the sinne of pride & disobedience. Beware man, by mans first falling, shie man the Angels negligence, least by both thou winne apostasie, and with apostasie, perdition. Wilt thou be friend of this world: thou art enemy to God? Wilt thou follow Beliall? thou art not for Iesus. Oh cast downe thy selfe, proud soule, whatsoeuer thou hopest, trust not the weaknes of thy power, since strength it selfe hath beene oppressed. Knowe that chastitie is hardened in delights, truth in riches, and humilitie in honours: iust, feare to fall: mercifull, feare obduration: continence, feare lust: deuout, feare negligence: with feare and trembling waxe you rich in Iesus, who wyth griefe and agonie hath indured for you.

Oh

the Mother of Christ.

Oh sinners, though nature cannot moue you to sighs, (which is affected by her objects) let mee winne you by reasons, to ratifie your remorse. If your friends come from far countries to visite you, you imbrace them: if they giue you giftes, you thanke them: if they counsell you, you consent vnto them: What then will you returne your sauiour & my sonne for his curtelies? Hee coming into the worlde, hath shewed you three principall signes of loue, mercie, and pietie. First, hee condescended to your mortalitie. Secondly, hee provided messengers of your saluation. Thirdly, he gaue you precepts and admonishments of your welfare. He came from heauen, to comfort you on earth: hee suffered on earth to carrie you to heauen: he became the lowlyest amongst men, to make you the highest among creatures.

The Teares of Maria

atures, hee hath visited you with his
graces, giuing ease to your labour,
comfort to your afflictions, salue to
your infirmities: he hath presented
you with gifts, not golde and siluer,
which are corruptible, not pomp &
honor, which seduce the senses, not
securitie and vanitie, which corrupt
the heart, but he hath broken his bo-
die on the crosse for you, hee hath
broken his bodie in the Sacrament
for you, he hath giuen you the cup
of attonement (his precious blood)
hee hath made you one with God,
by being generally condemned by
the world: he hath counselled you to
rise from sins, to make your bodies
vessels of the holy Ghost, to sanctifie
your soules in the blood of his testa-
ment, being made & approued rust:
therefore you ought to loue him
wholy, to whō you owe al what you
are wholy. If you see an earthly king
before you, you sal before his throne

Americus
Card: in
prol: suo lib

the Mother of Christ.

you humble your selfe before his
iudgment, you subscribe to his law,
and obey his ordinances : why de-
spise you then the king of heauens : Math: 5
to whom princes stoope, and whom Phil: 2
the wind and sea obeyeth, to whom
all knees both in heauen, earth, and
hel are bowed. If you respect works,
hee made heauen and earth : if the
manner, of nothing : if the purpose,
for vngratefull man, who being lord
of all by him, will not acknowledge
his due homage to him : if you di-
spose your affections by the wisdom
of your gouernors, who more wiser
than Iesus ? Where the Psalmist
sayth, Great is the Lord our God, &
mightie his vertue, and his wisdom
is beyond number. And again, God
is the God of sciences, & our thou-
ghts are prepared vnto him : 1, Reg. 2
Who therefore is so wise & mightie as hee
that by wisdom discouereth all things

The Teares of Marie

Rom. ii

and by power punisheth all offences: How much wisdom and severitie is in this Iudge? Who discovereth the thoughts of the hart, knoweth whereunto our imaginations are intended, measureth the waight of our sinnes, and how iniquities are chained together. Finally, all are of him, by him, and in him. If wonders drawe your affections, who were wonderfull, looke on his birth, it is wonderfull above nature, without man, of a sole virgine: looke on his name, it is wonderfull: (*Iesus*) by interpretation, a savior. Yet more wonders, a fraile man, and a strong God: a poore mans sonne, and the prince of peace, borne in time, and the perpetuall father of succeeding ages. Yet three more wonders. First, in those things which were spoken of him. Secodly, in those things which were spoken by him. Thirdly, in those

the Mother of Christe

those which were forespoken of him by the Patriarks and Prophets.

Jacob prophesied his comming long before, The scepter shall not bee taken from Iudah. Balaam called him the starre out of Iacob: they called him the flower, and the branch, on which flower the holy Ghost should haue his resting place. And is not this admirable? Will you more wonder? Hear Elizabeth prophesie, hear Zacharie prophesie, the shepheardes prophesie, the Sages prophesie. Yet more wonders. In his infancy his answeres were admirable, all testifie of him, maruell at his answeres, applaud his prudence. Will you more wonder. The people maruelled at him, saying, He hath done all things wel, hee hath made the deafe heare, and the dombe speake. Loue him therefore as your Lorde, honour him as your king, who is admirable in his

con-

John 1
Luke 4
Mirabantur
Iudei quo-
modo literas
scilicet
Mathe 20

The Teares of Marie

conception, admirable in his birth: admirable in his preachings, admirable in his passion, admirable in his death, admirable in his charitie.

And to this loue (O remorselesse lookers on) adde teares, for no man can truelye loue, that is not affected, to see his beloued afflicted.

Anselme

Come, come and weepe bitterly with mee, for you haue much cause of lamentation . If loue can diuorce you from ingratitude, come and weep of pure loue: for my son hath therefore suffered, because he loued: if in iustice, come mollifie your hearts, behold an innocent reprochfully crucified: if consanguinitie can affect you, behold your father which hath begotten and chosen you before all eternities, reckned amongst theeues, rent by bloudthirstie

the Mother of Christ.

the men, scourged by the guiltie: if
you be abashed to see God so might-
ily brused, bewail your deadly sins,
the causes of his detriment: if you
wonder at his humilitie, blame your
pride: if you admire his patience,
condemn your wrath. As the mem-
ber that feeleth no grieve, is sayde to
bee dead, and the disease which is
insensible, is alwayes vncurable: so
vnlesse you partake in passion with
Christ, lament to see him crucified,
sorrowe to beholde his woundes,
you are no living members, but
dead ones: no true sonnes of his,
but bastardes: if you suffer wyth
him, you shall raigne with him: if
you associate him in his passions,
you shall partake wyth him in his
consolations.

The Philosophers write, that
the Harpie is a birde (hauing a
mans

The Teares of Marie,

mans force) so fell, cruell, and furious, that beeing pressed and assaulted with hunger, she inuadeth & killeth a man: whome when shee hath deuoured, and whose bodie when she hath torne, beeing assailed wyth thirst, she flyeth to the water to drinke, where beholding hir owne face, and remembering the similitude of him whome shee slew, shee is confounded with so much griefe, that shee dieth for dolour. Oh careless worldlings, except ther be lesse remorse in you than in this creature, looke into the spring of your consciences, lodge in your memorie howe much you haue crucified this Christ with your sinnes, & slain him by your offences: & though you die not through extremitie of grief, yet let fall some teares to bewaile him tenderly.

Oh let not sinne take hold of you,
idle-

the Mother of Christ.

idleneſſe preuent you, or pride confound you, for trees that haue broadest leaues, doo ſoonest looſe them, & men that haue proudeſt thoughts are ſoonest deceiued by them. Fooliſh that thou art, canſt thou bewaile thy dead father that begot thee, thy ſick ſonne that delights thee, thy loſt riches that maintained thee, & wilt not thou weepe for Ieſus that redeemed thee? Canſt thou grieue, to ſee thy flockes periſh, thy houſes burned, thy wife ſlaine, thy daughters deſſoured: and wilt thou not weepe to ſee thy God, who gaue theſe, confounded with tormētſ, thy comforter that created theſe, ſuffer on the croſſe: thy Ieſus that lightneth thee, cloathed with death? Oh let not your gtonings be hidden from him: praie with Iob, that thou mayeſt a little bewaile thy dolours, puſh forth thy teares of griefe, and make them
flow

The Teares of Marie,

Amb, horn
s. lib. 1

flowe in abundaunce, for laughing
thou descendest to hel, but turning
thou ascendest to heauen: Wilt thou
haue Christ dwell with thee, mourne?
Wilt thou haue Christe dwell in
thee? mourne. Wilt thou haue
sinne mortified in thee? mourne:
Wilt thou haue grace plentyfull
in thee? mourne. O remem-
ber that Peter after hee had beway-
led his apostasie, found greater grace
by his teares, than hee lost by his de-
niall.

Looke on Dauid the adulte-
rer, hee weepeth, and is restored:
Look on Agar the desolate, she wee-
peth, and is comforted: Looke on
weeping Anne, she recouereth her
barrenesse.

Looke on mourning and weeping
Iob, hee ouercommeth his temp-
tations: mourning Ieremie prophe-
sieth, the mourning Publicane is

the Mother of Christ.

iustified, and mourning Ioseph is
deliuered.

Oh teares of great worth, wor-
king great things with G O D. By
teares Marie obtayned the pardon
of her sinnes: by teares shee obtai-
ned the resurrection of her deade
brother: for her teares sake, the
Angelles came and comforted her:
for her teares sake our Saviour
first appeared and shewed himselfe
vnto her.

Great is the vertue and pow-
er of teares, which tie the handes
of the omnipotent, ouercome the
inuiincible, appease the wrath and
indignation of the Iudge, and doth
change and conuert it into mer-
cie.

Hee that standeth on a profound
and deepe pit, sayeth the Philo-
sopher, seeth the stars at noonstead:
where

The Teares of Mariè,

where hee that standeth on the face
of the earth, seeth not one starre in
so great a light: In like maner, he that
is placed in the deapth of humilitie,
teares, sighs, and tribulation, sigheth
to heauen, and summoneth God by
his cries: but hee that standeth in
the light of this worlde, and in the
brightnesse of worldlye lasciuious-
nesse, can see no star, or retaine anie
grace. Shall I teach you how to be-
waile Christ? First loue him, for loue
vniteth things together, drawing all
mans interest from himself, and pla-
cing it in another: when thou art
conuerted into Christ, then mayest
thou truely bewaile him. For the
losse of thinges then neereft touch
vs, when they are best knowee vnto
vs. Those that are one in affection,
are one in passiō, one in desires, one
in teares, one in loue, one in sorrow,
one in minde, one in martyrdome:
mock-

the Mother of Christ.

mockers martyr Christ, penitents weep for him; blasphemers crucifie him, the sorrowfull are comforted by him. O men, learne and vnderstand this, our Lord suffered of will, not of necessitie, and hee indured of commiseration, we in condition: his voluntarie passion therefore, is our necessarie consolation, that being afflicted as hee was, we may be confident as he was. Will you know the hunger and thirst of this aduocate? Ahlasse, hee scarce found one theefe on the gallowes whome hee might tast: his Apostles are fled from him, and hid them in the throng: Peter that promised to perseuer till death, hath denied him. Wherevpon then shall hee feed, if all soules flie him? Nay, howe can hee hope orf loue, where none weep for him? Oh man thou art made iust by the iustice of God? Thou art saued gtatis, and not

F

by

The Teares of Marie,

August. in
Psalm 38

by thy graces: thou hast none to flie to, but to him in necessities, thou hast no life but it proceedeth from him: vnder the Sunne thou hast nothing but watching, sleeping, eating drinking, hunger, thirst, growth, weaknes, infancy, childhood, youth, age, and all these hee gaue thee. Aboveth Sunne, thou hast inuisible faith, inuisible hope, inuisible charitie, inuisible bountie, inuisible feare in holynesse, which he willingly offereth thee. Oh then giue him teares for his treasures, a small interest for so great riches. Oh yee sinful race of men, what are you but a sacke of necessities? Ahlasse, what necessities are these? Not to knowe anothers heart, to thinke ill oftentimes of a faithfull friend, to thinke well oftentimes of a dissembling enemye? O hard necessitie! yet another harder. Thou knowest not what thou shalt be to morow. O greatest miserie! yet another harder. Thou must needs

the Mother of Christ.

die: O harde necessitie ! not to wyll
that which thou canst not escape?
In this confusion what canst thou
man? Whether art thou carried?
How art thou bannished? Crie and
drie out, vnhappy man that I am,
who shall deliuer mee from these?
Who shall aunswere thee? Who
shall helpe thee? Not ambition, for
it is blinde: not lust, for it hastens
death: not wrath, for it subdueth
reason: not the infirmities of the
world, for they are all fraile: It must
be humble Iesus then, that must heal
these imperfections; recover these
necessities, & determine these daun-
gers, to whom thou no sooner canst
offer teares, but he sodainly sendeth
remedies. Oh what hart can bee so
hardned? What mind so obdurate?
What soul so sensles, that beholding
a prince in his owne kingdome, a-
mongst his owne subiects, massacred
by

August. in
Psalm 50

The Teares of Marie,

by his owne sonne, wil not grieue at it: by how much reason then (ô you bond slaues of sinne) should you be sorrowfull, that see a prince, not slaughtered in his owne kingdome, but vniustly murthred in the world, not among his subiectes, but his brethren: not by his sonnes onely, but sonnes, seruants, and liegemen: nay, which is more, not for his owne offence, his owne default, his owne error, but for their sinnes onely who persecute him onely. Oh wonderful charitie, Christ spreadeth his armes to imbrace those that spit at him, openeth his wounds to intertain those that will enter, offereth his blood to ran some them that shedde it, giueth his flesh to bee eaten, to those that mangled it: he praieth for theyr offences that fastned him to the crosse, he made their sinnes his sinne, that hee might make his iustice their iustice.

August. in
Psalme 41

the Mother of Christ.

slee. Oh if there be anie kindnesse in thee (man) thinke on these benefits: looke, looke about thee, consider the waight of thy offences, which stops the Fathers eares, though the sonne crieth, Make Christ sweat water and bloud for verie agonie in bearing them, make heauen, and earth, and all creatures breake out in miracles to beholde them. Iob vppon the deuils request, was leste to him to bee Iob i tempted, and after his long patience receiued blessinges two folde: but our Lord was whipte, and no man helped him: foulely spit vppon, and no man succoured him: lewdly buffeted, and no man regarded him: crowned with thornes, and no man pittied him: nailed to the crosse, and no man deliuered him: hee cryed, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? and was not succored. Why oh good Iesu, whence came

The Teares of Maria

these thinges? For what cause sufferedst thou all this? To what end are all these torments? Why cryed the Jewes, Crucifie, crucifie? Why wert thou poured out like water? Why were all thy bones dispearsed? Why became thy heart like melting wax? Why cleaved thy tong to thy roof? Why diuided they thy garments & cast lots on thy vesture? O Christ, the sonne of God, if thou wouldest not, thou shuldest not haue suffered: shew vs therfore the fruit of this thy passion; It was thy sinne (O sinner) that caused this, it was thy disobedience to God that was punished in Gods sonne: to shew the horreur of thy offence, power was made desolate. Oh stony heart be not so obstinate, let teares drop from thine eyes to recompence the bloud pouring from his wounds: sigh bitterly with him that praied earnestlye for thee.

What

the Mother of Christ.

What is this sinne, sayest thou, that
inforceth such a sacrifice? That
which maketh all men in the world
flie from their saluation, and runne
after theyr owne concupiscences
without anie feare: that which lead-
eth men downe to hell, that which
blindeth the vnderstanding, that
which maketh men like vnto foolish
beastes: for as beastes incline them-
selues to earthly pleasures, so sinners
betroth themselves to worldly de-
sires: that which maketh men seeke
onely those things which are of the
flesh, that which maketh men esteem
their belly for their God. Sinners
are compared to hogs by their de-
tracting, for as the hogge deuoureth
doun, so detracting & sinfull men,
other mens sinnes and filthines: For
lecherie they are compared vnto a
horse: for folly and slownesse to an
asse: for their solicitude & worldlie

August. li. 12
de ciuitate
Dei

Phil 30
Rom: 8

The Teares of Marie

care, to an oxe: for their curious cō-
uersations, to an ape: for their incon-
siderate boldnes, to a lyon: for their
crueltie, to a beare: for their vanitie,
to libards: for their crafte, to a foxe.

Numquid
potest a thi-
ops mutare
pellem suam
aut pardus
varietatē suā
Sinne is the trangression of the laws
of God, and the disobedience of his
commandements: Sinne, is the con-
trarie to nature: sinne draweth vs
from the soueraigne good, to make
vs subiect to brittle, fraile, and muta-
ble pleasures. Sinne diuideth vs from
God. To conclude, (as the Ethnike
witneffeth) the sinner is onely mise-
rable: Sinne depriueth man of eter-
nall beatitude, banisheth him from
heauen, confineth him with hell, de-
spoileth him of graces, exileth him
from paradise. Briefely, it maketh
him the most miserable amongst
miserable. Sinne peruerteth the or-
der of nature, impugneth our rea-
son, vrgeth our sensualitie: sin blindeth

Ambrose li.
de parad:
ho. 32. quest.
133 art. 1
Esay 59
Plato in Gor-
gia

the Mother of Christe

deth the spirite, darkneth the vnder-
standing (ordained to contemplate
spirituall things:) Sinne soileth and
infecteth the solue, depriueth it of
her nuptiall garment, and maketh it
filthie and loathsome: according to
that of the Prophet, *Demigrata est su-
per carbones facies eius*. Sinne after it
hath blinded the vnderstanding, har-
deneth the heart, and maketh obsti-
nate in iniquitie: whence commeth
the habitude of sinne, which is the
extremitie of sinne, and as Philo-
sophers conclude, another nature.
He that sinneth, whatsoeuer he be,
either king in his diadem, prince in
his purple, poore, in his miserie, he is
the slaue of sinne: who therefore by
sinne is giuen ouer as a praie to vi-
ces, looseth his libertie, and cannot
resist his vn happines. See sinner, see,
what horror, what confusion? Look
with what foes you are inuironed,
that

Abissus abis-
sum inuocat
Psalm 41

Ex frequen-
tatione actu-
um genera-
tur habitus

Arist. Categ
Rom. 6
Iohn 8

The Teares of Marie, 7

that you may knowe the greatnes of your deliuerance: you are vncurable by sinne, & Christ healeth you: you are separated from God, from the Angels, from the Patriarkes, Prophets, Apostles, and Martyrs, by sin, and Iesus restoreth you: you are impouerished by sinne, and hee enricheth you: you are made abhominable, and hee blesteth you.

O if you knewe howe abiecte & wretched a sinfull soule is, you woulde resist it, (saith a father,) euen vnto the death. Warres, plagues, famine (the whips of God) sicknesse, dishonours, and aduersity, (the tooles of his correction) howe light trifles are these in comparison of loathsome sinne? Tyrannies, iniuries, oppressions, the fury of the fire, the danger of water, the contagion of aire, the trembling of the earth

the Mother of Christ.

finally, all the complements of euils
which persecute man, proceed from
sinne: so that rightlye it maye bee
sayde, all that which the wretch-
ed suffer, their sinnes haue deserued
it. Oh the horroure of sinne, oh
the terrible issues thereof: wret-
ched men take heede and looke
about you, let your haire stand vp-
right for verie fright, and let your
bloud flie to your heart, to comfort
it in the extremity of your thoughts,
no punishment can satisfie for it, no
death can recompence for it, but
the flames of hell eternall in theyr
extremitie, extreame in their eter-
nitie.

Oh harde hearted soules, solde
and quite giuen ouer to your owne
sensualities, beholde the issues of
your euill liues, beholde your mar-
domes for crucifying Christ, if
you reconcile not & weep with him
you

Quicquid
patimur pec-
cata nostra
meruerunt

The Teares of Marië,

you shall haue perpetuall darknesse without light, you shall be depriued of Gods presence, (a greater torment to the damned than may be expressed) fire shall burne you vnquenchably, darknes shall blind you vnseparably, conscience shal accuse you incessantly, deuills shall persecute you eternally, cries, cursinges, and blasphemies shall hant you continually, desolation and discomfort shall detain you perpetually. Finally, without remorse in life, there is no redemption after death. O Iesus my son, how rich art thou in compassiõ, thou onely healest these wounds, & recouerest these harmes, It is thou onely that canst dull the sting of this death, thy bloud onely satisfieth for these defaults. Ah deare Lord, thou art worthie of teares, thou deseruest remorse, thou hast purchased compassion. Oh woful spectacle for men

to

the Mother of Christ.

to weepe at, for angels to sigh at. Oh
sacrifice for sinne, O attonement for
offences, oh seale of redemption. O
contemplation to extort teares, to
behold innocencie martired with so
many and grievous wounds. Oh li-
bertie taken prisoner, oh truth accu-
sed, oh innocencie whipped, oh iu-
stice condemned, oh glorie discruciate,
oh life dead and crucified: oh
highnesse of charitie, oh basenesse of
humilitie, oh greatnes of mercie, oh
excesse of bountie. Thou hast wept
for all, & art bewailed of none: thou Granaten.
hast borne many hurts, to cure a few
hearts: thou hast bene a corrosiue to
thy mother, to be a cordiall to men:
but men weepe thee not, they passe
by wagging their heads at my woe,
& hiding their faces, least they shuld
be inforced to bewaile thee. Theyr
hearts are become adamants, & loa-
thing to spende teares themselves,
they

The Teares of Marie

they grieue to grace my teares by
hearkning to them. Ah heauenly fa-
ther, let me consume with sorrow till
I see him: let my life passe like a tale
that is told: let my soul (that mourn-
eth within me) giue a libel of diuorce
to this flesh, that I in spirit may seeke
him out, who in the flesh did glorifie
me. Thou that rainedst vppon the
earth fortie daies, to reuenge thee on
the rebellious, open the cloudes of
thy compassion ouer mee, that they
weeping on mee, and I with them, I
may be drowned in them, innocen-
cie may be quickned by me. All Iu-
dah & Israel mourned for Iosiaz, &
shall teares want to bewaile Iesus.
See my sonne, I will beare thy crosse
on my shoulders, imprint thy passi-
ons in my heatt: I will beat so long
vpon my breast, that the eccho ther-
of shall pearce all eares: I will sigh so
long, till the furnace of my charitie
steame

the Mother of Christ.

steame out my hart, and the winged
chast affections of my soul, soare hea-
uens, search earth, finde my sonne,
or forsake my soule. Ah my son, no
Absolon a sinner, but Iesus a sauiour.
The roote of my hope is waxed olde,
and the stocke thereof is dead in the
ground; When shal these closed eies
open to warme him as his sonne?
When shall thy breath quicken and
cheere my barrennesse, the daies of
my desolation are come. The blef-
sedst amongst women, is now the
miserablest amongst mothers. Grief
hath brought me to deaths doore,
(my sonne) but death will not let me
enter, oh then shewe thy deitie to
helpe thy mother, and let me die in
this desolate flesh, to liue in thy di-
nine bodie, the ioy in possessing the
one, shall temper the losse of the o-
ther, and dying in my selfe to
giue thee life, I shall liue in death
by reason of thy lyfe. O Lorde

The Teares of Marie;

Lord of my life, how hath zeal made mee presume? no soule meriteth to dwel in this body but thine own: thus impatience in loue, makes mee too much presume for loue: Fruites long time shut in their buds, by rain, deawe, and sunne are made to blosome: riuers closde in their bounds by huge windes, are forced to ouerlope the bankes. The Ostridge by helpe of the Sun and sand, breaketh the shell: ripen then (thou roote of mine) for the raine of remorse hath watered thee, the deaw of compassion hath wet thee, the sunne of my zeale and charitie hath looked on thee, and inflamed thee: rise & rouse thy selfe thou riuier of God, for the windes of my sighs haue summoned thee: ouerbeare death, holyc spring of happines, and let the waters of life issue from thee. Breake the shell of death, thou that fastedst in the desert,

the Mother of Christ:

fast, and let the sunne of my desire
quicken the sun of vnderstanding,
be not to long in conquering death,
least I loose life in wailing thy death.
How long ô Lorde, howe long wilt
thou delay? Shall death neuer haue
end, because my life may be deuou-
red in death? Wilt thou not awake
like a strong warriour, to conquere
these passions with combat with thy
mothers heart? Set thine axe to the
tree of my sorrowe, let mine eyes
which bewaile thee dead, behold
thee liuing, let mine eares, which are
scard with mine owne clamors, bee
consolated by thy counsels: let mee
smell thee the rose, and see thee the
lilly richly clothed: let me tast howe
sweet the Lord is: let me touch him,
whose absence toucheth mee at the
hart: let my imagination be the vis-
er, to present thee, my memorie, the
painter, to describe thee, my confide-

G

ration

The Teares of Marie

ration the fire to kindle loue. Let
hell, hunger, thirst, weepe and waile,
come thou and ioy with Israel, thou
hast not to doo with Egypt. Come
thou corner stone, and let me builde
on thee, wed me to death, so thou re-
turne to life, I cannot want thee. I
will not misse thee, my loue is so fer-
uent, as it neither measures iudge-
ment, or regardeth counsel, or is bri-
deled by shame, or subiect to reason:
come yeeld me peace with a kisse of
thy mouth, and let my importunacy
work more with thee than all expec-
tation can require. Léd me the cloak
of thy presence, to diuide the waters
of my woes: let thy mother bee as
strong as thy prophet, that by pray-
ing to our Lorde with teares, by put-
ting my mouth on thy mouth, by
fastning mine eies to thine eies, by
closing my handes in thy handes, I
may make the flesh of my sonne wax
warne,

3. Bernard

4. Reg. 2

the Mother of Christ.

warmed: as he warmed the flesh of the
Sunamites child, then gasping seuen
times I wold kisse thee seuentie times
seuen, & seeme more thy louer than
thy mother. I wold expostulate with
thee of thine absence, and if thy
wounds fell new a bleeding, I would
wash them with my teares; my hairs
should dry them, my lips should suck
them, thou shouldest make me more
than a mother, in recouering mee an
absent sonne. Well Lorde, if thou
denyest that I want, I will reioyce in
that I haue, I wil symbolise thy body
with mine, and quicken thy passion
by my sufferance: There shal no sor-
row be hid from mine eies, till I see
thy eyes open, and till the eies of our
Lord quicken mee, the eie of poore
Marie shall see no comfort: mine eie
shal onely see by supposing thine eie
seeth: all pleasures shal be smoake to
mine eies, till thy eies doo beholde
2 them:

The Teares of Marie,

Ecclef. 21

Cant. 4

Iob 3

them: till thy eies bee waking, mine
eies shall be weeping, and vnles they
grow open, I will shut mine eies with
sorrow. I will set a sure seale vpon
my lips, till thy lips salute me, & my
lips shall become white as the lilly, til
thy lips grow crimson like a rose co-
loured riband. My vnfained lips shal
bee tired with praier, till such time I
may inioy thy desired presence: my
handes shall neuer vnfolde, till the
hands of my Lord be extended: I wil
neuer deliuer thy bodie out of my
hands, till thou deliuer my soule out
of her sorrow: I wil lay my hand vp-
pon my mouth, till thou speakest, &
neuer wil I cease to lift vp my hands
to heauen, till thy hands haue imbra-
ced me on earth: till thou put foorth
thy hand, I will leane my head vpon
my hande, and till thy fingers touch
me, my heart shall bee touched with
sorrow: the wings of the cherubines
touch-

the Mother of Christ.

touched one another, O let the wings
of my charity touch the wings of my
life, both are allied, both loue. They
that touched the hem of thy vesture,
recovered from their sicknesse, shall
not I touch thy bodie to recouer me
of my sorow? The bodie which liue-
les touched the bones of *Elisa*, were
restored to life; and shall my hands
touch thee, my lippes kisse thee, my
loue importune thee, and thou not
liue? All heauie things by nature
search the center, I am in the abun-
dance of my heauinesse, and cannot
descend into the graue: I will glo-
rie in tribulation, so thou grace
me in thy life. My soule is in bitter-
nesse, and heauie captiuitie, oh make
my burden light, by once looking
on mee. The Iewes by smiting haue
wounded thee, thou by absence hast
wounded mee, sorrow and wounds
are euer in my sight: touch I thy
3 brow,

4-Reg: 13

Arist. libro
Phil: 1

2. Corint. 12

Jeremy 6

The Teares of Marie,

Marke 11

browe, thornes haue wounded it :
kisse I thy cheekes, crimson hath for-
saken them, thy sides are wounded,
thy hands are wounded, thy feet are
wounded, my wounds cannot bee
hid till thy wounds be healed, and til
thou liue to recure mee, I shall die
thorough wanting thee. Thou hast
promised that whatsoeuer wee shall
faithfully aske in thy name, thou wilt
grant it vs. Then o Iesu, my sonne,
my cōforter, I coniure thee by thine
owne name Iesus, to blunt and abate
the sting of death, to breake vp and
dispearfe the cloudes of darknes, and
appearing like a fair morning starre,
quicken the dead comfort of thy
mother, and giue a light to this deso-
late and dismaide worlde. Shew the
light of thy countenance, and I shall
be whole. O Lord my redeemer, tar-
rie not, my soule thirsteth after thee
my sonne, & as the hart desireth the
hart

the Mother of Christ.

hart desireth the water brookes, euen
so my soule longeth after thee my
God. Appeare then thou chief shep- 2; Pet: 3
heard, thy flocks faint without thee.
Apparell thy selfe with life, to appa-
rell our hearts with ioy: my eies long
fore for thy sight, oh when wilt thou
comfort me?

*Plal: 119
leuen. 9*

O who will giue my head wa-
ter inough, and a spring of teares
for mine eies, that I may weepe daie
& night for the absence of my son?
Ahlas, ahlas, sorow increaseth in me,
and heauinesse swalloweth vp my
soule: my teares are like seede in a
barren ground, the garden of my de-
light is become a desert of sorrow, I
am like a mother bemourning her
child, because he is not. Oh thou an-
gell of peace, come and succour me:
Ah my sonne, the happinesse in bea-
ring thee, is buried through the hea-
uinesse in missing thee: and the hope

The Teares of Marie

Phil. 23

Cant. 8

I conceiued of thy life, is preuented
by thy lamentable death: Wo is me,
I am sicke to the death, to see thee
dead, I am sicke for loue, and desire
to hasten thy life. Wilt thou lifte the
poore out of the dust, and leaue thy
mother in desolation? Oh lifte vp
thine eies, and see howe the mother
listeth vp her voice and weepeth!
Oh loue, if thou art mightier than
death, now shew thy power, lighten
the lampe of his life, at the candle of
my charitie: Poure the oyle of thy
compassion into these wounds, and
heale them, breath the breath of life
into him by imbraces and kissing: as
I claspe mine armes, let him gaspe &
breath: as I weep on his face, let him
sucke vp my teares: O death, if thou
be more pittifull than loue, imprison
thy dart in my heart, & ransom me my
sonne. Ahlas the fairest among men,
loue will not lend him me, death wil
not

the Mother of Christ.

not grant him me, his mother must
be onely kinde, and her best tributes^r
are but teares, prayers, kisses, and wi-
shes. Ah Bethelcm, mourn with me,
and you inhabitants of Iuda, put on
sackcloth, for sorrow is come vpon
you, and the voice of the mourner
must ring in your streetes, houle and
lament Ierusalem, weepe the teares
of contrition, sigh, sob, & complaine
you, he that loued you lost his lyfe,
he that wept for you, is dead for you:
hee that praied for you, is plagued
for you. Ah crosse that hast made my
sonne a martyr, and mee a mourner!
Ah crosse that art the meane of my
griefe: Ah crosse, the cause of crosse,
I must kisse thee, & accuse thee. See,
see, thou art honoured by my Iesus
name, his purple drops of blud dwel
in thee, thou diddest kisse his bodie,
his warme bodie, and for these cau-
ses I kisse thee. But cruel crosse, since
all

The Teares of Marie,

all thy trophies are cause of my trouble: thy titles, the occasions of my teares: let me accuse thee, which hast honored thy selfe, and left me comfortlesse: yet art thou kinde to me in listning my complaintes, and but in bearing the name of Iesus in thy front, thou hast alreadie recovered my fauour. O crosse, the image of mortification, the tree of redemption, the bond of peace, the seal of the couenant, I will crosse mine armes to imbrace thee. Crosse, all my ioyes to containe thee, I will be a crosse to mine owne soule, if it seeke thee not, and count euerie comfort a crosse, that is not crost by thee. I will crosse the seas of tribulation to incounter thee, & whilst I hold thee holy crosse I will count no crosse too cruell: I that bare my sonne, will holde it for no base benefit to beare his crosse, & the onely glorying in the crosse of Christ

Bonard

Galath: 6

the Mother of Christ.

Christ crucified,shalbe my best blessing: my loue shall fasten mee to my sonnes crosse, and in that he vouchsafed a crosse,I will esteeme no glorie but in his crosse. O sonne, the words of thy wisdom were pricks and nailes to my meditation: these fastned thee vnto me in all assaultes of sorrowe, and those nailes which nailed thy handes and feete to the crosse,shall nail my soul & thoughts to thy crosse,&with my nailes I will dig my owne graue,before I forsake those nails which forced thy hands: Like as a nail in the wall sticketh fast, so fastly shall the nailes of thy martyrdom sticke in my heart: I will naile vp my soule from all ioy,because the naile that issued from Iuda is broken: my flesh is torne with thornes, because thy forehead is rent wyth thornes: the thornes of tribulation persecute me,because the thornes of martyr-

Col: 1

Eccie. 37

Zach: 6

The Teares of Marie,

Iob 31

martirdome pearceth, I will hedge
in my heart with thornes, because
they haue hemd in thy braines with
thornes. Whethervnto extendeth
my sorrowe? If it was thy loue that
madeſt thee ſuffer, it becommeth my
loue to ſuffer with thee: and ſince
thou giueſt mee an example of pati-
ence, why ſhould I not preſerue the
ſame? Though the ſhadow of death
ouerspred thine eies, hope ſaith they
ſhall be lightned: though thy life be
nowe like the darke night, it ſhortly
ſhall be as cleere as the noone daie,
yea, thou ſhalt ſhine forth and bee as
the morning.

The ſhepheards after great ſtorms
wait for faire weather: the ſouldiers
after dreadfull warre, expect happie
peace: the ſentinell after his colde
watch, attendeth, and intendeth his
deſired and wiſhed ſleepe: pleaſures
are the heires of diſpleaſures, & com-
fort

the Mother of Christ.

fort treadeth on the heele of care.
Why expostulate I then with death?
who hauing a time to tyrannize, shal
at last be lead in triumph: the storms
of afflictions shal bee calmed, the
warres of rufull wailing, shal haue a
peacefull delight: these watchfull
complaints and attendings to see my
loue, shal at last be quieted, and I shal
laie me downe and take my rest, for
my Lord shall come, and cause mee
to dwell in safetie. Brieflie, all teares
shal be wiped from mine eies, deaths
sting shal bee dulled, lifes triumph
shal bee established, sorrowe shall
be disinherited, and maiestie reui-
ued.

Oh my charitie, how much do-
est thou helpe mee in this? my faith
onely presenteth mee wyth all these
hopes, as it were vnder a vaile, my
hope beholdeth my sonne (& these
future prophesies of him (as the
chiefest

The Tears of Marlo,

chiefest good (which as yet vnpossessed she hopeth to inioy) but thou my charitie makest all these ioyes present, so that I behold effectuallye things before thy bee, and craue no interest in beleefe, whereas my loue assures mee all is present. Ah that the aduersitie of an houre shoulde make mee thus forget the pleasures I had in lyfe; when I lulled thee in my lap my son, fostered thee at these teates, followed thee in trauels, fedde with thee in Ægypt: Then, ô then what sweetnes inioyed I in thy presence: what comfort in thy counsels, what courage in extreame? Ah but if it be true, that things the dearer they are loued, breed the more hart grieve by their losse: howe can I choose but waile, that hauing had pleasure to wrappe thee in thy swathing bands, must nowe to my discomfort, close thee in thy winding sheete: Can
the

the Mother of Christ.

the want of thy companie, the lacke
of thy counsells, the musicke of thy
preachings, the miracles in thy lyfe,
the charitie in thy death be expiated
but with another death, or answered
with a few sighs? Ah this aduersitie
of an hour (in other mens thoughts)
is an age in mine. Compare the age
of thy pleasure, to one minute of the
griefe, and it exceedeth it. The earth
for a little trauell rewardeth the hus-
bandman with a huge crop, and shal
I bee more vnkind than the earth, to
the king of the heauens (who as the
beam in the glasse, hath enriched my
wombe, and annointed me with the
oyle of gladnesse aboue my felows)
shall I requite his kindnesse & great
mercies with a few faint teares? No
my charitie shall not let me, my loue
shall suffer my griefe to exceed her,
and reason shall surrender his Lord-
ship to passion, sufficeth it my son,
that

Tul-Off. i.

The Teares of Marie

that in spirit I assure mee of thy life;
yet in flesh whilest thou art absent, &
dwellest with death, let mee bewaile
thee, (for humane weaknesse requi-
reth a little more weeping. Of one
spark, (saith the wise man) is made a
great fire, of one kernell a large tree,
of one grain of mustard seed, a great
and grosse number: why then shuld
not one care beget another, one tear
produce multitudes, one sigh in-
force stormes, wherethrough my
griefe might bee endlesse in lament-
ing, my teares ceaselesse in weeping,
and my sighs incessant in their dou-
bling? Hanna was troubled in her
mind, and wept sore to get a sonne,
and shuld not *Marie* be tormented
in soule, and weep instantly that hath
left a sonne? *Achsah* married to *O-
thoniel*, humbled her selfe before her
father, and sayd, Giue me a blessing,
thou hast giuen mee a South lande,
giue

the Mother of Christ.

giue mee also springes of water. As
Achisah to Caleb her father, so I to
thee my God; thou hast giuen mee a
South land of desolation, wherein the
fruits of hope are barré, the blossoms
of ioyes are blasted: Oh giue mee
therefore a well spring of teares, to
water this wast, that my hopes maye
ripe by my ruth, and my ioyes maye
bloom after their blasting. Iosiah
considering the long absence & con-
cealment of the bookes of the lawe,
rent his garments for griefe, & wept
bitterly: Wonder not therefore o ye
men of Israel, though Marie rent hir
heart, rent her hairs, rent hir clothes,
for she hath lost & long wanted, the
Lord of the lawe, the maker of Mo-
ses, the father of the people, the passe-
ouer and pledge of mans redemption.
As the hand which is filled with
one thing, can receiue and containe
no other thing, so my heart being fil-

Greg. libro 2
Dialog.

August.

H

led

The Teares of Marie,

led with the loue of this absent
Christ, the griefe in wanting him, &
the woundes that wounde him)
can loue nothing better than to la-
ment him: can grieue at nothing else
but his want: finally, my eyes pre-
senting his woundes to the conside-
ration of the same, my thoughts are
wounded, by dwelling in my heart,
my heart is wounded by containing
my thoughts, and both are wound-
ed in imagining his wounds: yea,
they are so filled with compassion,
that they yeeld no place to consolati-
on. Why then begette not these
griefefull thoughtes more griefefull
thoughts: these teares, more teares:
these sighes, more sighes: which ha-
uing onelye emperie in my heart,
maye giue place to no ioye, but
breake the circumference that in-
closeth them in in the centre of care,
and getting better freedome to pro-
duce

the Mother of Christ.

duce more, they maye in theyr eternitie make mee more miserable, and my moane more fruitfull, my sorrowe more plentifull, thorough the seasons of my misfortune. Ah Marie, thou canst not make thine abilitytie aunswerable to thy will, thy life hath limites, and must limite thy teares. Hee that bindeth the floods that they overflow not, boundeth thy teares. Thou hast wept to the utterance, thou hast no more to utter: the darknes must once come to an end, the cloudes must at last bee dissolued, and euerie thing must end at his appointed time; and as there is a time to bemoane, so lyke wyse there is a time to bee merrie.

If thou weepe tyll thou weepe a waie lyfe, and crie till thy dayes bee consumed and quite wasted, a daie shal come to determine both.

What

The Teares of Marie,

shall I become a comforter & or giue
a lawe to my remorse, who cannot
comprehend my losse? No mine eies
weepe on, whilst I haue a time to
liue, giue no tearme to your teares:
as fast as you weep them, my braines
shall distill them, the fire of my loue
shall helpe to distill them, they can-
not cease till I die, and being dead,
whar need I seeke to bewaile his ab-
sence, being assured of his presence?
The til I die I wil not cease to weep,
that being dead, I may behold him,
& whilst I liue, I will count all food
vaine, till I feede on his presence. If
mine eies growe wearie, my sighes
shall asist them, and when both of
them are infeebled, my cries shall be
inforced: in the hollow of his sepul-
chre I wil execute these dricments,
and I will exclaime so long on death
till I make him deafe with hearing
me. Make him deafe poore Marie &

Ahlas

14th Mother to Christ.

Ahlas, he is alwaies deafe and insensible, it were a second death to assault him: hee is not tamed by intreaties, tempted by perswasions, bribed by benefits, or allured by lamentations, tearmes please him not, tears pearce him not, it were an endlesse labour, a fruitlesse worke. Oh my sonne, how am I discruciate for thee, I woulde worke, I know not what, to win thee I know not how, I wold end my sorrow, and desire to begin it, I woulde beare thee to thy graue, could I cease to imbrace thee, I woulde complaine of my desires, so I might appease them, and conquer my affections, so I might command them: but flames that are quickly kindled, are hardly quenched, and where oyle feeds the lampe of sorrowe, it will hardly bee extinguished. My sighs preuent my teares, and inforce them to issue, my teares preuent my thoughts, & make

The Teares of Marie

them impatient, my thoughtes preuent my reason, and admit no moderation, my reason would preuent all this, but loue preuenteth it: my loue beeing of it selfe fire, will not cease burning till it imbrace thee, flaming, till it find thee out: my charitie is loueraigne of all my delights, she wils mee die to liue with thee: And as in Salomons temple there, there was nothing that was not couered with golde, so is there not a nie parte, sense, motion, or action in me, or the living temple of my soul, which is not inuested with loue, clothed with charity, which hauing the nature of fire, (which is the most active of all elementes) is neuer idle, but reuiueth teares when they are extinct, quickneth sighs when they cease: armeth thoughtes, when they are dismaide: and forceth reason when shee fainteth. As the roote is

the Mother of Christ.

to the tree, the soule to the bodie;
the sunne to the worlde: such art
thou to mee, O my sonne: the
boughs are not clothed with green,
except they bee vnited to the root:
the members inioye no lyfe, ex-
cept they be informed by the soule:
the worlde partaketh no light, ex-
cepte the Sunne illuminateth and
lightneth the same: so my bodie
injoyeth no lyfe except thou liue in
mee, mine eyes no delight, excepte
thou looke vppon them, my
thoughtes no cleere and perfect vn-
derstanding, vnlesse thou beautifie
and beholde them. Briefely, I can-
not bee mine owne without thee, I
cannot liue, thou beeing dead, I
cannot leaue weeping teares, vn-
till thou come and wipe awaie my
teares. Hee that truely loueth (saith
the Philosopher) is dead in his owne
4 bodie,

The Teares of Marie

Arist. Polit. 1

bodie, and liueth in anothers: then
how commeth it to passe my sonne,
(if this reason doo holde) that I liue
nor in thee, who loue thee so dearly?
If it be true, that ther are two tearms
in all motions, the one from whence
the thing parteth, the other whither
it is resorted: why is it not this lyfe
that hath lefte thee, incorporated in
my bodie? and my life which should
forsake my bodie, possessed of thine?
Our loues are in the highest degree
perfect, why haue not then these
causes their effects? Why liuest thou
not my sonne? Why moue not these
handes with mine? Why stirres not
this hart with mine? Why open not
these eyes with mine? Why speakes
not this mouth with mine? Oh my
God, except it bee imperfection of
my bodie, I know nothing can with-
drawe thy lyfe from me, By it I liue,
by

the Mother of Christ.

by thy spirit my spirit breatheth, on-
ly my life is not in thy body, because
it is vnworthie to expresse it, vnwor-
thie to animate thy heart, open
thine eyes, quicken thy handes and
tongue: and thy life is not in mine,
because my bodie is vnable to con-
tain it: yet a sparke of thy spirit is my
loue, and a beame of this loue is my
desire, which by kisses I breath into
thy lippes, which though it actually
worke not in thee, yet by effectuall
wil, I wish it in thee. What I can giue
of my life, I lauishly haue spent on
thee, my life liueth in my bodie,
though my body liue not, til thy bo-
die inioy life, the life of my bodie is
liuelesse, onely my charitie which is
in me, taken from thee (who art the
tree of life, and fountaine of charity)
maketh my bodie liuing in spight of
my will, and inforceth all my senses
(through

The Teares of Marit,

(through vehemencie of my spirit,) to worke theyr offices in a liuelesse body, and a hartlesse creature, which liueth onelic by thee, and cannot liue but in thee: so if I liue, I liue forcibly, till thou liue. And to veresie this philosophie (in that I loue thee truly) I leaue my selfe to liue in thee, & onely by the liuing charity which is in me, my handes imbrace thee, as they doo, mine eies bewaile thee with teares, and euerie other parte worketh as thou wouldest. Ah Lord now see I the reason of my deadlie lyfe, and thy wounding death: thou the hope of the disconsolate, art crucified: thou the fountaine of life, art troubled: how can my life then bee fruitfull, who was ingraffed by thee, Or thy death bee but wounding, when thou the fountayne (by whom I liue) art dried vp by death?

If

the Mother of Christ.

If of contraries, there growe a contrarie reason, why shoulde I feare? The wicked (sayth Iob) shall neuer departe out of darknesse, the flame shall drie vp their branches, with the blasts of Gods mouth shall they bee taken awaie. What then shall become of the godly? If the wicked dwell in darknesse, they shall inioye light? If the flame dry vp their branches, the children of the righteous shall bee like Oliue branches: if the godlesse be blasted by Gods mouth, the innocent shall bee blessed with his benefites: Then what shoulde I feare? And what not hope? Thou knowest me (ô Lord my father) how I haue conceiued in Innocencie, and hated the workes of darknesse: thou knowest my sonne hath suffered in innocencie, let therefore the fruit of my wombe flourish, let thy promises be accomplished in Iacob, & thy couenant in Israel. Though

The Teares of Marie,

Though death hath blasted the
branch, by a winter of others sinne,
let the spring of thy mercie comfort
the roote, and animate the bowes, so
shall thy terrors and promises be ac-
complished in both sortes. The waight
of their shames shall weigh downe
the euill: the workes of the iust shall
preuaile before thy mercie seate.
There are two teares, O Lorde,
wherewith thou art pleased, the one
of ioy and praise, the other of sorow
and lamentation. I wepte the teares
of ioye when thou blessedst my
wombe, I weepe the tears of sorow,
because the hope of my daies is de-
caid. Quicken him O Lord, and in-
courage mee, and as I receiued him
with delight, nourished him with
care, wept for him with ioy, and lost
him with griefe: so let mee recouer
him with comfort, who wept for him
through discontent & losse, and be-
hold

the Mother of Christ.

hold him in his resurrection, and triumph in his ascension, that pleasing in either sort of teares, I maye praise thee for both sortes of mercie. O my bodie, thou hast passed the wildernesse of woe, no rocke hath beene so kinde to yeeld thee an eccho, my only breast by often beating on, hath ecchoed my stripes, so that in my self I haue had the cause of complaint, & report. Oh my soule, thou hast been sifted by incessant sorrow, all thy intellectual powers & discursiue parts, haue beene plagued by themselves, and supposing their weale lost, they intertaine no hope to come.

Thus plagued in bodie and distressed in soule, fate poore *Marie* (a holy and happie virgin) enacting hir griefe with her armes, when she had ouerforced both her tongue and eies with compassion: briefly, her paine & impatience beeing so great
as

The Teares of Marie

as her wordes could not expresse it,
hir desires so importunat, as they ex-
ceeded all her delightes. The image
of her griefe before her, and the do-
mage of her losse within her, shee
sounded on the senselesse earth, and
being conuied to her oratorie by
the holy assistance, the sacred bo-
die of Christ was bound vp
and borne to the se-
pulchre.

FINIS.

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